Harry to Harry, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worceſter*, as I rode along,
He can not draw his power this fourteene dayes.

Dow. That's the worſt tydings that I heare of yet.

Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty ſound.

Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach unto?

Ver. To thirty thouſand.

Hot. Forty let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of us may ſerve ſo great a day.
Come, let us muſter ſpeedily,
Doomes-day is neere, die all, dy merrily.

Dow. Talke not of dying: I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtalffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Coventry*, fill me a bottle of Sacke, our Souldires ſhall march through; Wee'l to *Sutton cop-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you give me money, Captaine?

Falſ. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Falſ. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, I'le anſwer the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will, Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſ. If I be aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a ſowſt Gurnet; I have miſuſed the Kings preſſe damnably. I have got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had been askt twice on the Banes, ſuch a cómodity of warme ſlaves, as had as liefe heare the Divell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliver, worſe then a ſtrook-foole, or a hurt Wild-duck: I preſt me none but ſuch Toſts & butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they have brought out their ſervices: and now, my whole

whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth where the Gluttons Dogs licked his Sores: and ſuch as indeed were never Souldiers, but diſcarded unjuſt Servingmen, yonger Sonnes to yonger Brothers, revolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme world, and long peace, times more diſhonourable ragged, then an old fac'd Ancient: and ſuch have I to fil up the roomes of them as have bought out their ſervices, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered Prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe and huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſt the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch Skar-crowes. I'le not march thorow *Coventry* with them, that's flat, nay; and the villains march wide between the legs, as if they had Gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon: there's not a Shirt & a halfe in all my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne over the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeves; and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from mine Hoſt of S. *Albans*, or the *red-noſe In-keeper* of *Daintry*: but that's all one, they'l finde Linnen enough on every *Hedge*.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now blowne *Iacke*? how now Quilt?

Fal. What *Hal*? How now mad-wag, what a divell doſt thou in *Warwickſhire*? My good L. of *Weſtmerland*, I cry you mercy, I thought your honour had already bin at *Shrewsbury*.

Weſt. Fayth, *Sir John*, 'tis more then time, that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: the King, I can tell you, lookes for us all; we muſt away all night.

Fal. Tut, never feare: tell me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteal Creame.

Prin. I thinke to ſteal Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, *Iacke*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Fal. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prin. I did never ſee ſuch pitifull raſcals.

Fal. Tut, tut good enough to toſſe, food for powder, food for